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Capt. Billy's **Whiz Bang**

Vol. II

January, 1921

No. 16



Keep On Keepin' On

If the day looks kinder gloomy
And chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzlin'
And the prospect's awful grim;
And perplexities keep pressin'---
If hope is nearly gone,
Jest bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on.

---*Whiz Bang Bill.*

Captain Billy's Whiz Bang



OUR MOTTO:
“Make It Snappy”

January, 1921

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***"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is
loyalty to the American People."—Theodore Roosevelt.***

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By W. H. Fawcett



***Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and dedi-
cated to the fighting forces of the United States.***

History Up-to-Date

Now that the British are agitating for a change in the American history text books, which, they charge, inculcates our future generations with prejudice against the original mother country, and the anti-British are crying for more, let's fit-in with something in keeping with the spirit of the age. Let's introduce a history lesson that is guaranteed to interest the shimmy-shaking school children of this great and glorious jazz age. Therefore, we offer for your approval, Professor Brenton's "History Up-to-date."

By W. H. BRENTON

THINGS started off wrong in the beginning when Adam had to give up one of his ribs for Eve, but in spite of this, he, like a game sport, tipped his fig leaf to her upon their first introduction. All ran smoothly until Eve raised Cain, and thus our ancestors (after the monkeys) kept up a constant increase until Noah got inside dope about the flood, whereupon he built the Ark.

Our troubles might have been relegated to the word finis, but Noah stuck up a good old boat and saved his wife, his animals, and their wives. Then Nero

played havoc with Rome and made the fiddle famous as the city burned. We've been fiddling ever since.

Job next started showing his rights with the off shoots of the chosen people and they said they would stone him to death if he didn't stop. He came right back by saying, "If you do I'll turn my bears loose and they will eat you." The people did, Job did and the bears did. Then Job was King.

I'd like to take some of your time and present the argument between Anthony and Cleopatra, but there was so little between them that it is hardly worth while.

In the days when Cleopatra and Anthony were such good friends, Anthony had just won a big battle and he sent his runners to Cleopatra to tell her to doll up in her glad rags and they would go out stepping. On the way to her flat he met his runners returning. They announced, "Oh, Kind Sir: Cleopatra is down with Tonsilitis."

"Darn those Greeks," said Anthony, "I shall declare war on Athens tomorrow."

Henry Ford started one thing that he played wrong (his cars play good tunes though), when he decided to end the World's War by taking a lot of men and old maids to France and Germany. If he'd taken some of Ziegfield's chorus girls the war would have been over and President Wilson would still have been a great man. Just march those girls up No Man's land, and there would have been so many soldiers following them that a Burroughs adding machine couldn't count them in the time it takes light to travel from the Sun to Jupiter. Army recruiting stations would have been

as popular as senators' cellars, and the sentiment between the two would have been much stronger than the antagonism between the Bolsheviks and the anti-saloon league. But here we are presenting this valuable dope several years too late. Tell your children about it, and they can stop the next war though (if the pretty girls aren't all dead).

Then a bunch of senators, with big cellars and stills in their attics, passed a law that the combination of wine, women and song must be reduced to women and song. Suppose we substitute nut-sundays, women and song. Substitute your eye, we'll just play the two undeceased members of the combination a little stronger, unless we get into some senator's cellar.

Don't cry, little children, the war is over, and so is a lot of your money, but Uncle Sam will make a lot more, and the Brigadier Generals and the movie actors will get it.

At present we can assume that this is the Movie Age and Out-rage. We walk right past a speech made by the President or some other vote-made man, and several miles to see "Doug" Fairbanks skin his shins by walking up the side of a seven-story building on his hands or to see Charlie Chaplin swing a broom at the villain and hit the Queen of Russia, who is dressed in sackcloth and ashes because of the murder of her last thirty-three husbands.

Movie actors are all right, though. Why, they make more money than we ever hear about. Figures compiled by the Secretary of the Treasury show that a man and wife and family of seventeen children and

pets, could live on what Mary Pickford spends for silk stockings, but that is the reason we go to the movies, says the henpecked man as his wife drags him home to their little boiler factory where rolling pins are used as sledgehammers.

If prices keep increasing and clothes decreasing, we will be restricted as to the number of leaves we can wear, and they will be fastened to our shivering yet magnanimous anatomy with paper fasteners of the Henry Ford type. Shimmying will then be automatically abandoned, while courting will only take place over the telephone. When we think of Theda Bara it will be as a heavily clad woman.

Just one thing further, and that is, if this world keeps increasing its speed as it has in the past, our heads will be going so fast that they will look like fish bowls. Everything will just work backwards, our nose will run and our feet smell. Just now we're traveling so fast that our hip pockets dip sand as we go around corners, and our feet come up so often that people will think we are laying down. Put on your brakes, dear old United Statesers, and let's slow down to 100 per, or we'll skid into Mexico.

* * *

You Win Rubber Pajamas

Lecturer (in a loud voice)—I venture to assert there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests.

Man in the audience (timidly)—I've shot woodpeckers.

January First

THE other day Adam approached Peter at the pearly gates and said:

"I should very much like, Peter, to get a pass the first of the year to revisit my old haunts on earth."

"Nothing doing, Adam. You started too much trouble down there when you were a young man."

"Aw, Pete, be a good sport and let me go."

"What do you want to go down there for anyhow?"

"I want to turn over a new leaf."

* * *

Gus, our hired man, one of those lucky birds that had imbibed rather too freely of the sacred liquid, had fallen into a watering trough. When I tried to help him as he floundered about, he said: "Offzer, I ken save m'self, you save the womin'n shildren."

* * *

If You Look That Way

It's oft been said that woman is a mystery to us that we will never quite see through, no matter how we fuss. It's said that woman is a book forever closed to man, though now and then she condescends slightly to lift the ban. It's oft been said we cannot hope to fathom womankind and to that fact the other sex might well make up its mind. But we have called the libel out and dragged it in the dirt. We see right through her now with ease—thanks to the modern skirt.

Movie Skeletons

America is blessed with a flock of motion picture magazines, some of them with real stories of the public performances of the screen folk, and some of them a collection of press agent yarns at so-much per column. The Whiz Bang won't invade their sacred field. We'll bar the press agents and, instead, will endeavor to give our readers some inside dope direct from Hollywood and Universal City, written by our own staff author whose position within the sacred circle at Hollywood makes it necessary for him to transcribe under the nom de plume of "Richmond." All right, director, let 'er shoot—

By **RICHMOND**

Reel One. At last hearing "Doug" Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were living here happily in their little grey home in the west, on top of a big Beverly hill. Every day or so appears a dispatch that the Nevada authorities intend to dissolve the partnership but this is taken to be the final, spasmodic throb of a dying determination.

Doug thinks he's married to Mary. Mary believes she is married to Doug. Owen Moore, Mary's former hubby, is quite certain he isn't married to Mary and what the state of Nevada thinks isn't causing any particular excitement. If Nevada proved a convenient

place to arrange the legal break and figures her dear judges or lawmakers were slip-shoddy she should get some new judges and lawmakers. What is done is done.

Reel Two. Recent presentation of the new Griffith play, "Way Down East," caused a laughable situation for those who were aware of the facts. The laughable situation did not get into the newspapers because some of our very best families would have suffered humiliation. It appears that "D. W." issued several invitations to prominent society women for the opening night, as his "guests"—though he was in New York.

What a flurry and flutter there was among the high-brows when they learned that the invites had gone out. Who had been asked? It did not occur to the high-brow ladies that D. W. Griffith is truly the master mind of pictures and that his use of Mrs. Belmont in the picture was smart bait to draw society. Mrs. Belmont really didn't have much to do but appear in an up-to-date gown and give Lillian Gish a haughty look.

But society here went daffy when it became known that some society women had been invited by Mr. Griffith's representatives, while others had not. Immediately there was a buzz of phones and considerable indignation, denouncements and heart-burnings seared the wires. "How came it that Mrs. Such and So had been invited and 'I' have not? It reflects upon my social standing."

How crafty old D. W. must have grinned as the reports went into him of the society ladies' wrath. For lack of brains, poise and downright self-respect society

women cart off the well known cake. Newspaper women laughed themselves sick at the coy admissions discreetly tendered them that "Oh, by the way, Mr. Griffith sent me a personal invitation to be present at the opening of 'Way Down East.' " It possibly is stretching it to say that the paper gals laughed themselves sick. They have become so used to such situations that they scarcely laugh at all. They just grin and "bear it"—and proceed openly to kid society in the papers without society apparently becoming the wiser.

It is almost pitiable to watch fair and heavy matrons, who have done well, raising a family or starting one, long for a chance to see themselves upon the screen. They gaze upon Lillian Gish as some ravishly blessed mortal lifted by the Gods but they see no reason why they would not be just as good if given a chance.

Much of the nasty gossip which follows prominent picture folk emanates from the society morgues where every skeleton known to scandal is laid carefully away for future reference.

The fat ladies of wealth who are unable to fit into the screen take a girl, perhaps like Lillian Gish, and in seeming fury that the girl has succeeded, tear what they may of her character to pieces. About any fashionable hotel where gather the disappointed "widows" and dames whose husbands have let them come west for a "rest" may be heard the most intimate details concerning the private life of every person prominent on the screen. Nine times out of ten these details are featured by everything but the truth.

Every girl that ever worked for Griffith, whether she knows it or not, has been the victim of whispers relative to what price she paid for her success. Griffith is a muchly misunderstood man. He is shrewd, too smart for the average picture maker. His people appear to reverence him. Probably no girl regrets her experience and training under this particular director—though not as much can be said for many other directors.

The name of Lillian Gish and Griffith have been mentioned in unsavory tones more than once. The girl is a remarkably fine young woman who scarcely would know what was meant by the insinuations cast abroad concerning her and the director. Wherever Lillian goes her mother is not far away. The two sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, are among the hardest workers upon the screen. It is understood that the late Robert Harron was extremely fond of Dorothy and it is understood that this admiration was not returned in the way that young Harron would have wished.

Harron had a number of sisters, who spent much of their time about the studios where their brother worked. The Gish and Harron families were constantly together and a great friendship existed between them all. It is understood that Dorothy admired Harron tremendously but could not reciprocate his reported love for her. Bobby Harron was an exceptional young man from a moral standpoint. He was clean and wholesome. In fact a number of the Griffith stars have been marked for their personal virtues. In view of these facts it is a relief to point out that some of the unmen-

tionable vices which beset Movieland are partially offset by the cleanliness of many really great stars.

Reel Three. One of the greatest "parties" yet staged in Los Angeles, was given by a well known director several nights ago. Now it should not be assumed that the picture parties are particularly different than some of the pajama and kimono parties tendered in Hollywood and Pasadena. In fact many of the picture ladies "hold out" longer than their more discreet sisters who get their kick out of a monthly party, whereas a picture girl has an invite a night and knows every step and parry of the game.

One of the best known girls of the screen sat in one chair throughout a recent party and visitors remarked upon her serenity and refusal to rush the bar.

A wild woman from one of the comedies gave her the once over. "Say, Edna's been stewed for two hours and can't stand up. But she's got sense enough to keep still."

But, referring to the big party. It lasted several days. Some of the guests went home, changed their clothes and came back again. The affair must have cost thousands of dollars. The guests were not numerous but well selected. A number of orchestras were employed, one coming on as one went off shift.

The host was a man of parts. He employed chauffeurs with cars ready to grab any guest who wished to stumble home and might possibly not be deemed able to guide his own car had he come without a driver. Most of the drivers who came to the party left uncere-

moniously when the party waxed late into the next day. Even chauffeurs have feelings.

The newspaper accounts mostly were suave and soft pedally. But it is said that some of the best newspaper people remembered only the quietness of the opening hour or so and were in no editorial mood to recollect just everything that did happen.

Reel Four. A great social mix-up occurred at Hollywood the other morning. One of our best matinee idols, a year or so ago separated from his wife and half dozen children. He took unto himself another wife. The decree allowed that the father could have the children part of the time, or half of the time.

Following his new matrimonial venture the matinee star found himself blessed one morning with a new baby. Just recently the former wife emerged from the east and took apartments at one of the most fashionable Hollywood hotels. She was accompanied by a flock of children.

The moment had come for the former husband to have his time portion of the children. Bright and early on the day after their arrival they made for the father's home, where they were happily received by the foster mother who showed them their half sister, her own child.

Kids will be kids, so it was no wonder that the mother of the flock was surprised and amazed during the course of the morning when one of her brightest young hopes trundled a baby carriage into her room and gaily announced that he had a new sister to show her. He had come down from the home of his father

and foster mother with sure enough evidence that father still was raising children.

The papers stated that the mother was threatened with hysteria and bade her surprised child take his charge back to its father's home. For comedy and tragedy, go watch in the halls of childhood.

* * *

Eve tempted Adam with an apple. Were you ever tempted by an apple?

* * *

Our Language

Here are a few of the difficulties of the English language:

- A flock of ships is called a fleet.
- A fleet of sheep is called a flock.
- A flock of girls is called a bevy.
- A bevy of wolves is called a pack.
- A pack of thieves is called a gang.
- A gang of angels is called a host.
- A host of porpoises is called a shoal.
- A shoal of buffaloes is called a herd.
- A herd of children is called a troop.
- A troop of partridges is called a covey.
- A covey of beauties is called a galaxy.
- A galaxy of ruffians is called a horde.
- A horde of rubbish is called a heap.
- A heap of oxen is called a drove.
- A drove of blackguards is called a mob.
- A mob of whales is called a school.
- A school of worshippers is called a congregation.

Bull Frog Bull

The Frog is a slick member of the reptile family deriving its name from the Latin words *E Hopus Jumpus*, meaning "Warts." It has four legs, but only finds use for two—the hind ones, which are built on altogether different lines than the front ones, being about five times as long, and fold under his body at a very convenient angle, affording ample seating capacity. The most common species of the Frog Family are the Toad Frog and the Bull Frog. The French people consider the Bull Frog quite a delicacy, and all snakes are very fond of Toad Frogs. Some scientists say the snake has far better taste than the Frenchman when it comes to choosing its food. The Frog can catch more flies than Tris Speaker, with far less effort, and is about the only thing left in this grand and glorious country with any hops in it.

* * *

You Can't Fool a Horse-Fly

Mike and Pat were telling stories. During the conversation a fly lit on Pat's nose.

"What kind of a fly is that, Moike?" asked Pat.

"Why, that's a horse-fly, Pat."

"Begorra, Moike, and what's a horse-fly?"

"Why, a horse-fly, Pat, is a fly that lights on a horse's neck."

"You don't mean to say O'im a horse's neck, do you, you dirty blaggard?"

"No, Pat, but you can't fool a fly."

India's September Morns

In this article, Reverend Morrill tells of the "royal baths" of East India, where men and women recognize no sex. In the February number of the WHIZ BANG, the traveler-author will take our readers on a brief expedition to South America, which, "Golightly" assures us, is "the white slave market of the world." Night scenes in Rio de Janeiro, "the Gomorrah," and Buenos Aires, "the Sodom of South America," will be depicted as only Reverend Morrill can do.

By REV. "GOLIGHTLY" MORRILL

Pastor People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

THOUGH the River of Time may wash away most of my India memories, there is one thing that will remain as long as I live—my royal bath at Delhi, and the time, the place, and the girl.

Bathing has not only been a fad with me, but an article of faith. At home I take a cold plunge every morning, and on shipboard it is the thing I look forward to with pleasure. A country is known by the baths it gives, and in Constantinople, Moscow and Budapest I learned that every little movement had a meaning all its own. The bath, that like Moses' rod swallowed up all others, was the one at Delhi, where cleanliness is not always next to godliness.

India is a hot and sticky place for fleshy people, and like Falstaff I was larding the lean earth as I walked along. After hours of dusty driving and hard sight-seeing I asked my guide if I could have a bath, and he said, "Yes, Durbar bath." I had missed the royal pageant, but hoped to get the splash, so we drove off the crowded street to a building which invited us with shady walks and flowers. The native proprietor ushered me into a darkened room and handed me a napkin. I had been in India long enough to know what to do with that square of linen, so I used it for a loin-cloth.

When I stepped into the bath I was "horrificed" to find a beautiful Mohammedan maiden standing there before me with nothing on plus a bracelet. In agitation I rang. The master came, and I told him I did not want that woman there with the bath. He seemed surprised, because she was part of it, shrugged his shoulders, ordered her out, and beckoned to two stalwart natives. They seized me, threw me down on the marble, put a wooden pillow under my head, and then splashed, massaged, pounded, twisted and kneaded me, worked my arms like a windmill, rolled me like a log, used me as a punching bag, went through a whole course of gymnasium exercises on me, then grinned and said, "Not finished." I felt I was, when back came the "sweet sixteen" smiling like Spring, and with less covering than September Morn. I sprang up, but she grabbed a towel and basin and laid me low, then soused me and began to put on the finishing touches. In broken English she tried to tell me all her

physical, mental and moral charms, which I admitted because she was a woman, but I knew her Koran didn't square with my Old Testament, so thanking her, I fled, like Joseph from Potiphar's wife, to my room, where my guide "Kim" came to the rescue, helped me to dress and rushed me to the train or I might have been there yet.

The letter "I" in India stands for indecency and immorality in nearly everything I saw from Calcutta to Bombay. Benares is washed by the Ganges, the worshippers in the Ganges, and though every day is wash-day, still the city and people are dirty. They need a new Hercules to turn the Ganges through its Augean stables filled with holy fakirs, annointed priests, pestiferous pilgrims, obscene carvings and sacred bulls.

I entered the Cow Temple, stable of sitting and standing bulls. The bull is a beatified beast. Priests pet him, the godly natives garland his horns and kiss his tail, virgin votaries bathe their hands, beautify their faces and plaster their hair with the divine emanations which Minnesota farmers use for fertilizer. At weddings, for good luck, to keep evil spirits away, and purify the place, a cow is backed up to the bride's door to decorate the threshold with fresh dung—bossy's contribution to the joyous occasion. The "Bull Durham" of India is some of the same, dried and mixed, with a little tobacco and paper. I have often imagined that our yellow-fingered dudes imported it for cigaret purposes—at any rate it smells like it. Like another ill-fated Gulliver in the land of giants, I slipped around in the filth till I got a kodak shot at his royal Bullship.

Benares is called the "Holy City" on the principle, I suppose, that "in religion, what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text." As well call ice hot, vinegar sweet, vice virtue or hell heaven. One morning we pious pilgrims left the ladies, who were not permitted to accompany us, and climbed to the secluded spot where stands the Nepalese temple ornamented with gymnastic and obscene carvings that would make the red pictures of Pompeii blush with shame. These filthy figures of men and women, carved to please and pacify the gods, are not mentioned in the guide-books or referred to above a whisper in polite society. If this sex perversion marks the high tidy of Buddhist faith, I am ashamed, though I have photos of the carvings which I keep in my strong-box packed in chloride of lime. Kali Hinduism may be bloody, but Buddhism here is beastly.

Almost as bad are the stone images and inscriptions in the caves of Elephanta out from Bombay. The temple columns, aisles and figures are hewn from the living rock. I looked at the three-faced Siva, and noticed the stylish headdress; saw another figure with cap ornament of human skulls; Virag, half-male and female, and the Siva shrine with the "lingam" altar before which millions of barren wives and hopeless girls had prostrated and prostituted themselves in Sivaite festivals. The temple keeper beckoned me to one side and gave me a private lecture on these "lingam," phallus or Priapus symbols of sex organ worship which I had found in other lands. While he proceeded, my blush illuminated the dark cave, and as I left the "altar" a

lady of our party approached and asked me what I had been looking at and what the guide said. I replied, "Forget it!" She wouldn't, I couldn't, and since she was past middle age and married, I looked her square in the eye and reeled it off as if it were an Edison record. "Thank you," she said. "It is always well to know about religion from a priest." I told her I was no priest and this was no religion. There was a pool of clear water here and the frogs, big as turtles, were standing on their hind legs, with folded arms and eyes wide open with amazement, as if they were more shocked at what I had said than at the suggestive statues and symbols round about. If I had been alone I would have divested myself of all baggage but my trunks and plunged in to keep them company.

The blase or bored can always find something new at a Hindu wedding or Nautch dance. I saw Nautch girls—dressed in scarlet skirts trimmed with gold, caris or scarfs of brightest colors, trousers tight-fitting and gilt-embroidered, bracelets or anklets of gold, and silver bells—dancing for hours, illustrating pictures of thought, passion and emotion, to love-throbs, tune and time. Once I heard a story of the origin of the Nautch dance: A Rajah's daughter was stolen and raped; the ravisher was caught by the father, strung up, slashed like ribbons on a Maypole, then whirled around, and anyone on whom the blood spattered was privileged to assault any woman he met.

India has no old maids or bachelors. Cradles are robbed of their babies for marriage, and some suitors

are promised before born if sexed right. The proverb reads, "Every girl at 14 must be either a wife or a widow." Many men in India are slaves—all women are. Woman is not to be trusted, and is held the cause of man's sin whether she be sage or fool. She is object and subject as a child to her father, as wife to her husband, and as widow to her son's or husband's relatives. To obey her hubby is supposed to be the only God she needs or wants. To obey and worship him is to worship the gods (though he be a devil). Caste injures them more than men, and she is old before 25 and looks it. Child-marriage is the style and prevails in places, though the British government made a law that a girl might be married yet not live with her husband till she was 12 years old. Imagine a 10 year old girl marrying a 30 year old man. Any negligent father, who does not find a husband before his daughter is 12, is held to be a public monster and criminal. Of course, boys and girls mature earlier in the tropics and have families when people North haven't gone so far as to be even sweethearts.

In the comparative study of other religions I could always find some sweetness and light, but Hinduism is darkness and dirt. Its votaries are vile, their gods are deified beasts, and their devotees are beastly depraved. Caste, child-marriage, obscene worship, Nautch girls, ignorance, superstition, poverty and plague prove Hinduism to be a hell on earth and a disease that dwarfs and damns man's body, mind and soul.

Questions and Answers

Dear Captain Billy—My two sisters and myself have been gratified this week by the arrival in each family of a set of twins. Kindly suggest names for these six darlings.—**Patriotic Patricia.**

My moss-covered suggestion: "Pete and Repeat, Kate and Duplicate, and Max and Climax."

* * *

Dear Capt. Billy—I am a sweet eighteen year old girl and last night I met a nice man with a limousine that wants to take me for a ride. Will it be alright to go?—**Alice.**

Let your conscience be your guide.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Do you think it would be alright if I took a tramp in the woods.—**Sweet Sixteen.**
Yes, it's excellent exercise.

* * *

Dear Captain Billious—I have been married a few months and my hubby is always saying our baby is a much abused creature. What do you think he means?—**Mrs. Guey.**

He probably means that your darling baby gets a bust in the mouth every hour or so.

Dear Captain Bull—Do you like cocktails?—**Ana Monyous.**

Yes, I should say so. You finish the answer.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—I've often heard the toast: "To George Washington, first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Do you think he was always first?—**Willie, age 12.**

Yes, with the exception that he married a widow.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What kind of a woman should I marry?—**Sandy Henna.**

Venus would be fine. She would be perfectly safe, as both her arms are missing and she couldn't throw things.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—What is a definition for man and woman?—**Pinkie Cherry.**

Man, Pinkie, is the Lord of Creation, and Woman is the lady of Recreation.

* * *

Dear Banger—I want to be married secretly. What shall I do?—**Pussy Foot.**

Go to a justice of the peace.

* * *

Dear Phiz—Is strychnine effective in stopping heart ailments.—**Co-ed.**

Yes, if taken in sufficient quantities, strychnine will stop anything.

Dear Captain Bill—You've been in the army, Cap, so will you kindly tell us the difference between an engagement and a battle?—**Ida Clare.**

Yes, Ida, and I'm married, too. The engagement, you realize, takes place before the marriage.

* * *

Dear Captain Bull—What are wedding bells?—**Katinka Stinka.**

Lemon peals.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What is the solution of the liquor problem?—**A. Boozem Friend.**

A solution of malt and hops containing about 5 per cent of water.

* * *

Dear Farmer Bill—How's your corn crop this year? What did it go to the acre?—**Acorn Farmer.**

Wa'al, I reckon it'll go about 350 gallons to the acre, by gum.

* * *

Dear Doctor Billy—Will you kindly inform as to the bacterial proteins for cutaneous tests?—**Sheesa Whopper.**

She sure is a whopper for a farmer to answer. In fact, I found it necessary to call in the professional advice of old Doc Yak, who gives this reply: The bacterial proteins are staphylococcus aureus, micrococcus tetragenus, diphtheroid, streptococcus viridans, non-haemolyticus and pneumococcus. (Thank you, doctor.)

Dear Captain Billy—What is the proper definition of an oyster?—**G. Howie Snortz.**

An oyster, Mr. Snortz, is a peculiar fish better known as a bivalve and looks like a nut.

* * *

Dear Bilious Billy—Does cider really get hard enough to cause intoxication? I have a few gallons at home and do not care to indulge in strong drink?—**Molly Coddle.**

Hard? I should say it does, Molly. I drank three glasses one night last week while in Minneapolis and before long I thought I was crushed rock. Friends tell me I laid down on Nicollet Avenue and tried to pull the asphalt over me.

* * *

Dear Captain—Is it quite proper for a lady to let her husband look at her Whiz Bang?—**Lotta Ginger.**

Quite right, we would say—providing, of course, that it's Captain Billy's.

* * *

Dear Bill—I have been troubled with the seven-year itch. What shall I do?—**Ticklish Tillie.**

Scratch yourself.

* * *

The First Hundred Years

Discouraged prohibition enforcers should remember that the first hundred years are the wettest.

* * *

When my shoes wear out I'll be on my feet again.

His Test of Faith

By **RUDOLPH KUEFFNER**

A COUPLE, on their wedding trip, met a gypsy whose prophecies so greatly amused them that they gave her an extra dollar for good luck. In appreciation of the gift, the grateful gypsy presented her benefactors with a little white, glass phial containing a clear liquid. She admonished them to hold this phial as a sacred treasure, because the liquid would retain its crystalline clearness only so long as the loving couple were faithful to each other. But, warned the gypsy, unfaithfulness on the part of either will cause this liquid to turn a grayish hue.

The couple laughingly accepted the small bottle, took it home and, although disbelieving the gypsical dope-sheet, placed it carefully in an unused linen closet. They soon forgot the incident and lived in happiness for some time.

One summer, a few years later, the wife journeyed afar to visit relatives. Letters of love were exchanged and the hubby gave all his time to business cares, with the exception of Sundays, when he would entertain a few friends at his home. At one of these Sunday parties he amused the guests with the gypsy story of honeymoon days.

At the finish of the host's recital, one of the men with an eye to a practical joke suggested pouring a bit of ink in the phial so as to make the liquid turn to gray. "On her return you can have a lot of fun at her jealousy," he said, "and then call us in to prove your faithfulness." The trick was done and in a few days Friend Wife came home.

While house-cleaning next day, she thought of the phial. Great horrors! Its contents had turned from pure white to a grayish tint. "My God, is it really so?" But after a few moments of hesitation she quickly poured out the gray substance and refilled the phial with clear water, placing it back in its former location.

Needless to say, it was not necessary for hubby's friends to call to testify in his behalf.

* * *

The Difference

The two school friends accidentally met in the whirl of the city, and, of course, began a rapid fire of questions.

"What am I doing?" said Gladys, in reply to a query. "Oh, I'm a stenographer." "What's the boss like?" "Well, he's quite young, and is awfully kind to me. See, he gave me this bangle and this brooch, and nearly every week he takes me to dinner and the theatre. And the salary's quite good—\$25 a week. And you, Ethel—what are you doing, dear?"

"Same as you," snapped Ethel, "only there's no shorthand-typing mixed up with it."

For Men Only

Some of us poor, down-trodden he-men, and farmers, chuckle with glee when our sturdy wives drag us to church on Sunday to listen to such passages of Scripture regarding the weaker (?) sex as follow. In view of granting the ladies equal rights at the ballot, these few lines appear to be particularly timely, so follow closely, boys, and chuckle again:

"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection; suffer not woman to think or usurp authority over man, for Adam was formed first, not Eve.

"For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of man. For the man is not of the woman but woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the church.

"When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord Thy God hast delivered into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive, and hast seen among the captives a beautiful woman and hast a desire unto her that thou wouldst have her for thy wife, then thou shalt bring her home to thy house, and she shall shave her head, and pare her nails."

Fast Workers

They were introduced at 7:15.

By 8:10 they were talking cozily in a movie.

At 9:30 they were regarding each other intimately over the remains of a chicken sandwich.

At 9:44 they stood wistfully near on the front porch.

Promptly at 9:45 he kissed her.

By 9:50 she kissed him.

At 10:00 with a touch of sadness they parted.

He walked down the steps dejectedly, but upon hearing the door close, he snapped out and walked briskly home and cut another notch in his military brushes.

"How they fall," he murmured, "probably I am a handsome devil."

She, sitting before her dressing-table, yawned.

"How they fall," she sighed; "perhaps I am a sweet and delightful girl."

And she put his name in a thick little book she had been keeping since she was sixteen!

* * *

Shortcomings

A negro woman went into a department store and said to the clerk:

"Mister, can I exchange these stockings?"

"Why, certainly, madam; don't they come up to your expectations?"

"Lawdy, no; dey hardly come up to ma knees."

Marjorie Was So Obliging

Little 5-year-old Marjorie was the sunshine of her mother's heart and on all possible occasions her brightness was paraded before "company."

It was at a meeting of the Loyal Ladies' Card club that Marjorie's mother contrived to "show up" her darling daughter. First she asked the little tot to get Mrs. Jones a drink of water. Marjorie got the water and was thanked for it. She was then asked to get Mrs. Smith a drink. She complied and again was thanked. She went through the same procedure for four more ladies. After the last one had drank, the mother proudly asked little Marjorie to bring in a drink for her before going out to play.

In a few moments Marjorie returned, but without water for mother.

"Muvver, I tant det any more water," she childishly lisped.

"Why not, my child, surely you'll get your mother a drink?"

"I tant, muvver, the water's all don and I tant weach the chain."

* * *

Fits Most Lunch Foundries

A Holyoke, Mass., lunch room displays over the counter a large sign which reads as follows:

Don't make fun of our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day. Use one helping of sugar and stir like hell. We don't mind the noise.

They Both Walked

The other evening a swell appearing young couple asked if they might leave an automobile cushion at the Whiz Bang farm while they hiked to Robbinsdale to report the theft of their motor car. I said "Sure," and I still have the cushion.

* * *

Before July First

The policeman watched the man creep slowly out of the saloon. Hastily he approached the unfortunate culprit:

"I just saw you come out of that saloon!"

"Sh'ever see me before?"

"No!"

"Then how 'djou know it was me?"

* * *

Page Mr. Croton

Are you acquainted with Olive Oil?

Very well, indeed.

Well, I'm her brother, Castor.

* * *

Something to Worry About

The famous race horse, Man o' War, receives more personal attention than any being, human or otherwise, since Cleopatra. He has a retinue of servants and is housed more expensively than the Gaekwar of Baroda or the Jhilwar of Jhock.

* * *

Love isn't blind—just near-sighted.

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet"

DID you ever feel embarrassed? We did, the other day when the boss cow, Ethelbert, kicked over our bucket at milking time and ripped our trousers in front of the chickens. Write to us about your embarrassed moments and let's console each other. For instance, Gus, our hired man, was in Minneapolis the other day getting his usual supply of moonshine and was riding on the street car to the depot.

"I noticed a girl sitting across the aisle that I had met while in swimming at Lake Minnetonka last summer," said Gus when he got home, "I had not seen her since until then. I tipped my cap and said 'Hello! How are you'?" and for a minute she looked at me blankly and then burst out: "Oh, why, hello! I didn't recognize you with your clothes on." Of course this attracted the attention of the passengers and I found it more comfortable by getting off the car at the next stop for another little drink."

Now, of course, that may have been only Gus's alibi for coming home intoxicated.

I had a similar experience myself last time I was

in the city. A girl was telling me how embarrassed she was. "Do you know," she confided, "I was standing in a doorway fixing my garter when a gust of wind came along and blew the hair from off my right ear. I was so embarrassed, don't you know."

* * *

Newspapers tell of a woman who, in order to become a mother, obtained a divorce and married another man for a year, after which she and her child went back to her first husband. This is an exception. Some women, it seems, now are inclined not to trouble with the divorce proposition at all.

* * *

Diogenes grabbed his trusty lantern and hiked from the Presidio of Frisco to the Bronx of Manhattan searching for an honest man. Old Diog was a wise bird; he never even looked for an honest woman.

* * *

He seeks relief in vain who will not follow advice.
We always remember those who have done us a favor when we want another favor done.

Running down other people's reputation won't run up your own.

The trouble with the average man is that he seldom increases his average.

Many a "good fellow" is so stingy with his family that he'll stand between his wife and a show window.

When holding a straight flush it is better to stay in and raise and win than not to have raised at all.

The pretty manicurist, Louise,
Has very many beaus;
She calls these fellows, if you please,
Her manicurios.

HOLDING hands is dangerous business. The hand is the lightning conductor of love and lust. The manicurist, like Othello, would find "occupation gone" if hand-holding were practised by men or old women. It is the sex element that usually attracts and holds.

Many modest and decent manicurists go regularly and professionally to the homes of their patients, or are found in office, parlor or barber annex position. Anywhere and everywhere they are pure and true womanly.

People who won't work with their hands are known by the manicures they keep. Nails are peeled, pared, polished and painted, while the owner's rough mind lives in the cellar and garret of mental and moral poverty.

Manicuring is a society luxury for men and women who form the polished horde of bores and bored. The world is still deceived with fuss and feathers and people who hide grossness with fair ornament.

The manicure is a necessity for musicians, doctors—and dudes and darlings in society who, beyond the actual care of their body, in food, dress and drink, think their hands were only made to wear gloves, rings, be manicured, held or united in a "good catch" marriage.

The rich are manicured who have money to burn. The idle are manicured who have time to waste. The idiots are manicured who have no idea of the value of time or money. Libertines are manicured who play guilty Fausts to pure and innocent Margarets. Hotel leechers and loafers are manicured who forget mother, sister, wife or sweetheart.

They have no time or money for church or charity, but sit by the hour holding a girl's hand, looking into her face, trying to fan a spark of passion into their burnt-out cinder body while with hand, foot, eye and tongue they try to make a date.

The word "hand" means to hold or seize and is to man what the claw is to the bird, fin to fish, and hoof to horse. The hand is marvelously made with 27 bones, 8 of which are in the wrist, 5 form the palms, and 14 the bones or phalanges, or fingers. The hand was made for work, as proved by anatomy and Scripture—"Go to work"; "Work earnestly with both hands"; "Handsome is that handsome does"; and black or white hands are fine which do good work. Angelo carving marble, Raphael painting Madonnas, Shakespeare writing immortal dramas, Beethoven copying heavenly symphonies, Washington drawing his sword for liberty, and Lincoln penning the Emancipation Proclamation, spent little time or money in manicuring parlors.

Beautiful are the hands of wife, sister, man or friend which have directed, lead and lifted us by pit-fall, through marsh and despair to mount the height on which we stand—hands perfumed with prayer, bap-

tized with tears, clasped with affection, and generous with charity.

The man ought to be horsewhipped who uses the words "hard," "homely," "unmanicured," of the hands of a father, calloused that they might give daily bread; hands of a mother, blistered and aching for work never done until they are crossed white in the coffin and God gives them rest; baby hands which twine around the trellis of our hearts and are unclasped by Death.

* * *

Another "international marriage" has gone the way of many spectacular predecessors—through the divorce mill.

In this it is hardly noteworthy. Experience and commonsense alike indicate that such unions rarely can be successful. The base allurements of a British title on one side and American gold on the other, are not the sources in which wholesome happiness finds its inspiration.

But in quite another way there is something worth noting in the divorce proceedings through which Consuelo Vanderbilt has freed herself, at last, from the disreputable ninth duke of Marlborough. It is the revelation, through her simple letters, of the true nobility of birth which does not rest upon a "Burke's Peerage" or an "Almanach de Gotha."

Miss Vanderbilt married this highly decorated fortune hunter in 1895. Two children were born to them. For their sakes the American wife, with womanly reserve, suffered much indignity during many

years. Eventually driven to a separation, she still endured in silence, without resort to the unsavory publicity of divorce, reflecting upon her growing sons.

These children came of age last winter. The wife then made a last brave effort toward reconciliation. There was a brief reunion—ending in a disgraceful visit of the 45-year-old duke to Paris with a 25-year-old female companion.

Blood will tell—the plain American kinds and likewise the tainted blue sort that trickles through “noble” veins.

* * *

Noah was building the ark. A gang of “drys” hung around criticizing the job.

“Ever built an ark before?” asked the leader of the gang.

“Nope,” replied Noah, pounding away.

“By what right do you assume that this boat will be a success?” asked the other. “This has always been a dry country and there has never been any need for a so-called ark. What experience have you had with your so-called ark upon which to base so absurd a claim as that it will float? Don’t you know that umbrellas and gaiters have gotten us through the thunderstorms for the last forty years? There can be no hope of success for your so-called ark.”

But Noah kept on building away. Then came the Deluge, and for once in history, the knockers got what was coming to them.

Smokehouse Poetry

Smokehouse Poetry will lead the February issue readers through a variety of red-blooded gems, including, for instance, a bright little jingle from the pen of a new Kipling. His name is Carl M. Higdon and his first offering is "The Shimmy Shaker," and what it lacks in veteran polish is made up in breezy sway. Such as thus:

*She could shimmy on a mountain,
She could shimmy in a pool;
When it comes to shimmy shaking,
She's a shimmy shaking fool.*

Last month we promised to give you a full portion of George R. Sims' tragic masterpiece, and so here we offer it for your approval.

'Ostler Joe

By George R. Sims.

I stood at eve when the sun went down, by a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin with the light of wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the siren sang on the treacherous Lurley height,
Whose face was as fair as a summer's day, and whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck today from the garden above her dust,
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood red rose of lust,
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew in that one green spot,
In the arid desert of Phryne's life where all else was parched and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the 'ostler of "The Magpie," and fair Annie Smith were wed;
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with a face as fair as snow,
He was anything but handsome was the "Magpie's" 'ostler Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie, they'd a cottage and a cow,
And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beauty's brow;
Sped the months, and came a baby—such a blue-eyed baby boy!
Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses—gave them then and there,
All a special feed of clover, just in honor of his heir;
It had been his great ambition (and he told the horses so)
That the fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child was christened and like babies grew apace,
He'd his mother's eyes of azure, and his father's honest face;
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky.
Love was lord of that small cottage and the tempest passed them by.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman to roam,
He caught a glimpse of Annie in her bright and happy home;
Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window with her child.
And he nodded to the baby and the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him (Little Joe was nearly four),
He would call the pretty "gemplum" as he passed the open door;
And one day he ran and caught him and in child's play pulled him
in,
And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages bards have sung,
'Twas a woman, weak and wanton, and a villain's tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted for silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted—was tempted and she fell,
As the angels fell from heaven to the blackest depth of hell;
She was promised wealth and splendor and a life of gentle sloth,
Yellow gold for child and husband—and the woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe, the 'ostler, with a cheery cry of "wife!"
Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his life;
She had left a silly letter, through the cruel scrawl he spelt,
Then he sought the lonely bedroom, joined his horny hands and
knelt.

"Now, O Lord, forgive her, for she ain't to blame," he cried;
"For I ought to seen her trouble and a-gone away and died;

Why a girl like her—God bless her—'twasn't likely as her'd rest
With her bonny head forever on a 'ostler's ragged vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear with me, all the long and happy time,
So for my sake please to bless her, though you count her deed a
crime;

If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me, for you see
I can talk all right to 'osses, but I'm kinder o' strange with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage from the woman who had flown,
Joe, the baby, died that winter and the man was left alone;
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed the rod,
Saving what he told his horses, saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the wanton into fame,
For her beauty won men's homage and she prospered in her shame;
Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still each prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside the sun.

Next she trod the stage half naked and she dragged a temple down
To the level of a market for the women of the town;
And the kisses she had given to poor 'ostler Joe for naught,
With their gold and priceless jewels rich and titled rouses bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star was at its height.
Then the darkness came on swiftly and the gloaming turned to
night;

Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from her brow,
Of the thousands who had worshipped, never one came near her
now.

Broken down in health and fortune men forgot her very name,
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame;
And the papers in their gossip mentioned how an actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story in a far-off country place,
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his face;
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped her long
ago,
And the weary head lay pillowed upon the breast of 'ostler Joe.

All the past he had forgiven—all the sorrow and the shame,
He had found her sick and lonely and his wife he now could claim;
Since the grand folks who had known her one and all had slunk
away,
He could clasp his long-lost darling and no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying, from his arms her spirit fled,
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt beside his dead;
Never once his love had faltered through her sad unhallowed life,
And the stone above her ashes bears the sacred name of wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck today from the garden above
her dust,
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood red rose of
lust;
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green
spot,
In the arid desert of Phryne's life where all else was parched and
hot.

* * *

Stranded

By H. H. Bennett

'Twas on a sunny morn in June,
The bee had put his pipes a-tune
And buzzed his way across a field,
The while the birds their love-song spieled.

He buzzed and ate full many an hour,
Then crawled into a dainty flower
And curled himself up for a nap,
The same as any drowsy chap.

A cow came browsing through the moor
And towards the little floweret bore;
Not knowing that the bee was there,
She put it on her bill of fare.

So rudely wakened from his doze,
His beeship's fiery temper rose.
"Old Cow," he said, "I'll sting you deep
When I have finished up my sleep."

So, cuddling in his darksome den,
Eftsoons he went to sleep again.
He slumbered on till nearly dawn—
When he awoke, the cow had gone.

Evolution Up to Date

In the December issue we had the original Langdon Smith's "Evolution." Now steps forth Lewis Allen with a much more modern expression on the tadpole and fish idea. This is it:

By Lewis Allen.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
In the palaeozoic time,
'Twas side by side near the ebbing tide
We tangoed through the slime.
We skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the maze of each fox-trot step,
For we had the craze in those ancient days—
To the dance stuff we were hep.

Mindless we lived, and mindless we loved,
And mindless we passed away—
Which all goes to show that long ago
Our brains were the brains of today.
The world turned on "in the lathe of time"
With many a mighty twist.
We were normal then, beyond your ken.
No watch adorned your wrist!

We were amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And garbed in the latest style.
We coiled at ease, 'neath the dripping trees,
Or played with a crocodile.
Croaking and blind, with our side-laced feet,
Writing a language dumb,
Though we had no brains, we had no pains,
And that was going some.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we went our way,
And believe me, kid, when I say we did,
Which is more than we do today.
And the aeons came, and the aeons fled,
And days came with the nights,
To our surprise, we all had eyes,
So we took in the sights.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung from bough to bough,

Or loafed 'mid the balms of the fronded palms—
Wish we could do it now!
And Oh! what beautiful years were those
When we learned the use of speech,
When our lives were stilled and our senses thrilled
As we chattered with some dear peach!

And that was a million years ago;
Years that have fled away,
Yet here tonight in the glaring light
We sit in a wild cafe.
And your thoughts are deep as a buckwheat cake,
Your peroxide hair is great;
Though your heart is cold and your age is old,
You love to hesitate.

Once we howled through the jungle wastes.
With a club each won his mate.
And she had to work, nor could she shirk,
Lest a blow would be her fate.
But now we go on our bended knees
To a girl we would make our wife,
And she keeps us broke until we croak—
Alas for the modern life!

* * * * *

So as we dance at luncheon here,
Missing each savory dish,
I'm feeling blue, for I wish that you
Were a Tadpole and I a Fish!

* * *

Siam's National Anthem

(To the Tune of "America.")

Ova tannas Siam
Geeva tannas Siam
Ova tannas
Sucha tammas Siam
Inocan gif fa tam
Osucha nas Siam
Osucha nas.

* * *

A Regular Present

She wouldn't tell what Santa brought;
We hope this don't sound shocking—
But when she got in her brand new car,
We saw what she had in her stocking.

Confessions of a Dope Fiend

The following poem, written by a dope fiend, is the first of a series he has contributed to this magazine. Although these poems are morbid in character, the editor hopes their lesson will serve as warning to all to "touch not, taste, shoot nor smoke." This is the author's opening explanation:

*I started out wrong when I was a kid,
And now my days are blue;
Cigarettes, booze, wild women and dope—
I'm a wreck at twenty-two.*

* * *

In Dreamy Chinatown

By B. T., Los Angeles

As I lie in this room, all hazy with smoke
From the "dopes" smoking hop and sniffing at coke,
My mind wanders back just a short year ago
To the time I first started at hitting the snow.

But soon I'll be dreaming again in my sleep
Of my little gray home away 'cross the deep;
I've thought of dear mother as much as I can,
I've fought 'gainst the dope and fought like a man.

But here as I lie on my dirty old bunk
In the Hong Kong hotel, with my head full of junk,
I am hopelessly gone and await the last bell
That will usher me home to the dark depths of hell.

There's a little red devil a-prodding my feet,
Begging me gently to fall into sleep;
I'm gradually slipping, so here's my last knell,
Because I am under the Chinaman's spell.

* * *

Flirtation in a Flower Bed

I had a flower garden,
But my love for it is dead,
'Cause I found a bachelor's button
In my black-eyed susans' bed.

Fairies Revel in Moonshine

When old Bill Shakespeare outlined his tale for "The Merry Wives of Windsor," he certainly used extraordinary judgment in peering into the future. His fifth act and fifth scene are almost a duplicate of present life in New York City—that grand village by the sea, where red neckties sell at a premium and moonshine lights the bright Broadway. Here are just four lines that tell a story in themselves:

They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die;
I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.
Fairies, black, grey, green and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night.

* * *

Something Stirring

(First Convulsion.)

Her death was so sudden,
Her death was so sad,
She gave up her life,
'Twas all that she had.

(Second Convulsion.)

She now lies sleeping silently
Beneath a willow bough;
There's always something stirring
When a freight train meets a cow.

* * *

That's When I Need You

(Serenade of a Whiz Bang Hen.)

I don't need you in the morning,
I don't need you in the night,
I don't need you when I'm hungry,
I don't need you when I fight;
I don't need you when I'm lonely,
I don't need you when I'm blue—
But when Farmer Billy wants some eggs,
That's when I need you.

Tell Him Now

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing.

If you like him, or you love him, tell him now;

Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it,

He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed.

If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it
to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and
sunny,

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,

For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,

And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him know it—

Let the words of true encouragement be said.

Do not wait till life is over, and he's underneath the clover,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

* * *

Or a Finger Ring

By Gabe Caffrey.

I want to be a doctor with prescriptions all my own,

To write them out and flop about

As dead as any stone.

I'd love to be a physician and have my little nip

Oh, I want to be a doctor—

And sip, and sip, and sip.

* * *

Come on, Joe

Gone are the days when we got beer in a can,

Gone are the days before we got the ban,

Gone are the days when we were a highball fan;

I hear the angels sadly calling, "Come, dry man."

(Chorus.)

I'm coming, I'm coming,

And I have the ready dough;

I hear those dominoes a-calling,

"Come on, Joe."

Police Inspection

We were crowded in the cellar,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight in the barroom
And Old Joe lay in a heap.

As we huddled there in darkness,
Each one seeing snakes and bears,
"They're all drunk," the barkeep shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little barmaid whispered,
Passing him a quart of gin:
"There's a 'copper' at the back door,
Should I let the 'cuckoo' in?"

* * *

How Old Is Ann?

By Billy Bea

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Or can his eyes be an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head, what gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Does the calf of his leg get hungry at times
And devour the corn on his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
Where's the shade from the palm of his hand?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm tammed if I understand.

* * *

The Bachelor's Dream

Then give us the dances of days long gone by,
With plenty of clothes and steps not so high;
Oust turkey-trot capers and buttermilk glides,
The hurdy-gurd twist and the wiggle-tail slide.

Then let us feast our tired optics once more
On a genuine woman as sweet as of yore;
Yes, Time, please turn backward and grant our request
For God's richest blessing—but not one undressed.

Pasture Pot Pourri

Eczema, Oh! Eczema, don't be so rash.

* * *

My cross-eyed sweetheart became my cockeyed bride.

* * *

Why do the widow's wiles usually win out against the maiden's smiles?

* * *

The pure food law doesn't guarantee "preserved peaches."

* * *

He Drinks Hair Tonic

He asked me if I'd kiss him,
I kissed him once or twice,
I know I hadn't ought to,
But, my Gawd, he smelled so nice.

* * *

Favorite Quotations

I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.—Nat Goodwin.

What is home without another.—Jack Johnson.

I feel like the end of a misspent life.—Wm. J. Bryan.

* * *

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight raid on the neighbor's beer.

We will now sing: "The World Is Mine," by
Jawn D. Rockefeller.

* * *

Man

Take up thy bed, oh hunted one;
Make haste and quickly flee;
And when thou starts, do more than run
Lest woman and marriage overtaketh thee.

* * *

Advertisement: Colored woman wants washing.

* * *

Or on the Ear

Eminent Physician—As we have no idea what the
fashions may be when your daughter grows up, I think
it wise to vaccinate her on the tongue.

* * *

We'd Quit 'er

'Tis sad to love
But oh, how bitter,
To have a girl,
Whose face don't fitter.

* * *

A Noise Like a Kiss

What can a woman do that will make a horse go, a dog come,
and a man stay?

* * *

Never hesitate in telling a woman that you love her—it in-
creases her self-respect.

* * *

Pat died and went to Heaven.

"Why, Pat!" exclaimed St. Peter, "How did you
get here?"

"Flu."

And He'll Crow

The modern chicken reminds one of the girl at the table who let an egg fall on the floor. She said to the man next to her, in a horrified whisper: "O, I've dropped an egg! What shall I do?" He replied: "Cackle."

* * *

Monkey-shine

By Vivian Yeiser Laramore.

Said the monkey maid to her monkey mate,
"These cocoanuts are fine,
Let's leave a few in the sun to brew,
And make some 'monkey-shine.'"

* * *

Mule Wasn't So Sensitive

"The language you use to that mule is perfectly shocking!"

"Yes," replied the driver, "it seems to trouble everybody but the mule."

* * *

Immodesty's Penalty

The Eskimo sleeps in his little bear skin,
And keeps very warm, I am told.
Last night I slept in my little bare skin
And caught a hell of a cold.

* * *

A little girl went to the soda clerk behind the fountain and asked for a "Billy Sundae." The clerk gave her a nut sundae.

* * *

Said the fruit jar to the top: "You'll have to use a rubber on me, 'Old Top'."

Re-published After Many Requests

FOR SALE—One Ford car with piston ring, two rear wheels, one front spring; has no fenders, seat or plank; burns lots of gas and is hard to crank; carburetor busted half way through; engine missing—hits on two; three years old, four in the spring; has shock absorbers and everything; radiator busted—sure does leak; differential dry—you can hear it squeak; ten spokes missing; front all bent; top blown off—ain't worth a cent; got lots of speed, runs like the deuce; burns either gas or tobacco juice; tire all off, been run on rim; she's a darn good Liz for the shape she's in.

* * *

Tell the Truth and Shame the Devil

Some go to church to meet their lover;
Others go their faults to cover;
Some go there to blink and nod—
But darn few go to worship God.

* * *

The improprieties of yesterday are the fashion of today.

* * *

Elucidated

“A woman's life is divided into two great periods.”

“Elucidate.”

“The first she spends looking for a husband, and the second looking after him.”

* * *

Heaven will protect a working girl, but whoinell will entertain her?

Classified Ads

It's No Good Now, Algy

(From the Denver Post.)

For Sale—One Twin bed, never used, or might trade for baby buggy.

* * *

Wait Till 1922

(From the Gary, Ind., Tribune.)

Lost—White mule, 3 years old, finder return to Antonio Ca-
zarro. That's pretty old for white mule.

* * *

The Persian Cat Again

(From the Clinton Herald.)

Lost—A large white tomcat with gray tail and two gray spots
on body. Return to 1306 S. 3d st. and receive reward.

Lost—Topsy, black Persian cat. Anyone seeing her call 231 5th
ave.

* * *

Michigan Methods

(From the Lansing State Journal.)

Lady desiring room with mate free, may have same by inquir-
ing 221 Townsend.

* * *

What Runs?

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Will deposits in the Lisle Silk bank be increased because of the
runs?

* * *

That's A'right, We're Wed

(From the Bulletin of the U. of M.)

Class in swimming of married couples will be organized Monday.
Ladies' suits furnished if desired.

Pretty Soft

(From the Watertown, S. D., Public Opinion.)

Wanted—An assistant housekeeper in a family of two. Good home, easy job. No children and none expected. Nothing but a Spaniel pup, looked after by head of family. A mighty fine chance for the right person. Phone 4765.

* * *

Tells the World

(From the Winnipeg Free Press.)

I, Francis William Crink, am not responsible for any debts after Oct. 1 of Mrs. Crink, now living with Mr. Peabody, window cleaner, at 744 Winnipeg ave.

* * *

Chiropodist or Manicurist?

(From Indianapolis News.)

Miss Edith May Hiatt, 18 When Building, personal attention which assures you absolute satisfaction.

* * *

Traveling Men, Attention!

(Knoxville Journal and Tribune.)

FOR RENT—A traveling man's wife, alone in a big 8-room house, wishes to rent three or four nice, unfurnished rooms to a congenial couple, or to two business women. Bath, hot and cold water furnished, with use of phone. Call Old Phone 3988.

* * *

Complications

"Yes, Private Smith was making a splendid recovery, but now there are complications."

"Oh, I am so sorry! Did he catch pneumonia?"

"No, he was caught kissing the nurse!"

* * *

A Wet Wedding

Weddings, like other things, are progressive affairs in Idaho. Look at this from an Idaho paper:

"Yesterday at high noon Miss Helen ——— and Ward ——— were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents in Wardner. The ceremony was performed in the spacious living room which was beautifully decorated in syringes."

Jest Jokes and Jingles

Damphoolishness

The woodry-blee pipes oolie-goo,
While on the brinkers grimes the moo.

God save the King, the soldiers cried,
And then they took a trolley ride.

A rooster crowed upon the hill,
His name was William—she called him Bill.

'Twas bitter cold at Valley Forge,
But nothing ever rattled George.

The berries were growing on the vine,
Three times thirteen is thirty-nine.

* * *

Out in the kitchen a maiden fair
Plucked from the hash a golden hair.

* * *

Woman's hair—beautiful hair,
What words of praise I'd utter;
But, oh, how sick it makes me feel
To find it in my butter.

Looking Up

"Look up!" cries the optimist.

"Look upward!" shouts the revivalist.

And yet Robert Bailey was fined \$1 and costs or ten days because he looked up while under the Stadium bleachers.

The police said there were ladies up above.

—Toronto Telegram.

* * *

He took her rowing on the lake;

She vowed she'd go no more.

I asked her why—her answer came:

"He only hugged the shore."

* * *

A woman's first kiss may be attributed to childish curiosity; her second to misplaced confidence; the others are just downright carelessness.

* * *

Not So Fond of It

Mrs. Benham: "You used to say that I was the apple of your eye."

Benham: "Well, what of it?"

Mrs. Benham: "Nothing; except that you don't seem to care so much for fruit as you once did."

* * *

There was a girl in her own boudoir,

And she was tall and handsome;

And every time the wind blew hard,

It blew right through her transom.

Seven Ages of Man

The seven ages of man have recently been tabulated on an acquisitive basis, as follows:

First Age—Sees the earth.

Second Age—Wants it.

Third Age—Starts to get it.

Fourth Age—Decides to be satisfied with half of it.

Fifth Age—Becomes still more moderate.

Sixth Age—Now content to possess a six by two foot strip of it.

Seventh Age—Gets the strip.

* * *

Under the swinging street car strap,

The homely old maid stands,

And stands and stands and stands and stands.

And stands and stands and stands.

—Luke McLuke.

* * *

Har Du Got a Hod?

An Irishman died and went to heaven. St. Peter said, "I'm sorry, but we just got a big consignment of Swedes from Minneapolis today and there is no more room." "Can I get in if I make room?" asked the late arrival. "Certainly," said St. Peter. The Irishman shouted through the gate, "Hey, you fellows, there's free snuff in hell." And he made room, all right.

* * *

Society Note: Mr. Potter of Pottersfield felt cold and stiff this morning.

In a Garden

As I walked along the paths this morning picking flowers, I found in the yellow heart of a Lady Slipper, a little brown bee. My first impulse was to shake him out of his honeyed abode, but as I looked at his velvety body and the sunlit rainbow wings, a foolish tenderness surged over me. Perhaps there were baby bees at home that would starve if papa bee did not bring back honey; and how useful this little creature was, carrying the pollen from flower to flower—so I moved on, leaving him unmolested. But even as I turned away thinking these pure, sweet thoughts, the darn thing stung me.

* * *

When Adam in bliss
Asked Eve for a kiss,
She puckered her lips with a coo;
With looks quite ecstatic,
Gave answer emphatic:
“I don’t care A-dam if I do.”

—Flo.

* * *

And she said I must Seattle as she rose Tacoma
her hair, for if I wear my nice New Jersey, what will
Delaware?

* * *

When Greek meets Greek—they open a fruit store;
but when Irish meet English they open an uproar.

* * *

Beats me how these girls keep their dresses up.
Must be strength of mind that does it.

Our Rural Mail Box

Dear Bill—Did you hear that they traded Manhattan for 24 cases of whisky and that now they want to trade it back? Yours till the Statue of Liberty shimmies up the Hudson, Flo.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—I live at 268 W. Rayen Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, and the other evening I saw this question and answer in your July issue:

Dear Bill—What does my brother mean when he speaks of the “depth bombs” and “submarine chasers” in army hospitals?—

Miss Curiosity.

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

I am sending same and hope to hear from you. Resp. yours, John Wilson.

(Editor's Note—Dear Mr. Wilson: I have referred your letter to Miss Curiosity, who undoubtedly will answer you personally.)

* * *

Dot—A. is right. Get out and walk.

Rhoda—Yes. You are old enough to wear what you please. That is as far as your parents are concerned. But the police will not respect your age.

* * *

Madge—The Doctor was correct. After an operation for appendicitis the cut shouldn't show.

* * *

Alden M.—Can give you no advice about free love. Always thought love very expensive.

* * *

Hazel—Do not marry the sixty year old millionaire. He's too old and too young to bring you happiness.

* * *

Jacqueline—Jackie, for short, you said you wanted to write me the worst way. You did, I can hardly read your letter. Try again.

* * *

Ima Flirt—Yes, love is blind, as the old saying goes—but the neighbors are not. Pull down your shades after this.

* * *

Mable—If the day be muddy and the boys will stand on the corner it's up to you to make good. Will speak to the cashier about sending you silk stockings.

* * *

Jim—If you are dancing with another man's wife it is proper to let him see light between you.

Luscious Limericks

There was a young man from Art Creek,
Who went around dressed in batik,
When they asked, "Are you well?"
He replied, "Ain't it hell?"
But in Art it's the very last shriek."

* * *

Another young chicken named Mary
Was in love with a youngster named Larry,
And when it was dark
They went to the park,
And there they did tarry and tarry.

* * *

There was a young feller named Aster
Who went in a wild bullock's pasture;
The sweater he wore
Made the poor bully sore,
And so he ran faster and faster.

* * *

A sculptor made nymphs and bacchantes,
Omitting the coaties and panties,
Till a kind-hearted Madam,
Who knew where they had 'em,
Donated some warm Ypsilantis.

The Impulsive Cuss

A maiden not lacking in pride
Went out with her beau for a ride.
She said, "Tell me, Joe,
How far do you go?"
"The sky is my limit!" he cried.

* * *

There was an old sculptor named Phidias,
Whose knowledge of art was invidious.
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie,
Which shocked all the people fastidious.

* * *

There was a young lady named Florence,
Who for kissing professed great abhorrence.
At last she was kissed,
And said: "My! What I've missed!"
And cried till the tears fell in torrents.

* * *

This story may be overdrawn,
But now that my ink is all gone,
I'll say goodbye, guys,
And cease with my lies;
'Tis yours very truly,—Bull Kahn.

* * *

Even the repeal of the Eighteenth amendment
wouldn't do the brewers any good. Everybody knows
how to make his own, now.

I Like 'em, God Bless 'em

These widowers are an elusive lot,
I like 'em!
They make you forego the sense you've got,
I like 'em!
They call you young, they think you're green,
For blasé women they're beaucoup keen,
They're the worst darn pests I've ever seen,
I like 'em.

—By Flo.

* * *

The best man that ever lived
Must take his child on faith alone,
But the worst woman that ever lived
Knows that her child's her own.

* * *

That Osculating Thing

A little kissing now and then
Is why we have the married men.
A little kissing, too, of course,
Is why we have the quick divorce.

* * *

The Alphabet of Love

A is the art of man and maid;
B is the blush, so fair, displayed;
C is the challenge in the eyes;
D the dare that soon replies;
E but why the rest recall?
The rest is E-Z, that's all.

A buzz ran 'round the party,
Some maids were e'en in tears;
A blasé girl—ye Gods, the shame—
Had left exposed her ears.

* * *

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year.
There's no coal in the cellar,
And no goodness in the beer.

* * *

If I had a girl and she was mine,
I'd paint her back with iodine;
And on her ankles I'd place this sign,
"Keep off the lunch, they're mine, they're mine."

* * *

Sincerity

Let me live in a house
By the side of the road
Where the races of men go by;
The men who are good
And the men who are bad,
Just as good and as bad as I.
I would not sit on the scorner's seat
Or hurl the Cynic's ban;
But let me live in a house
By the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

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